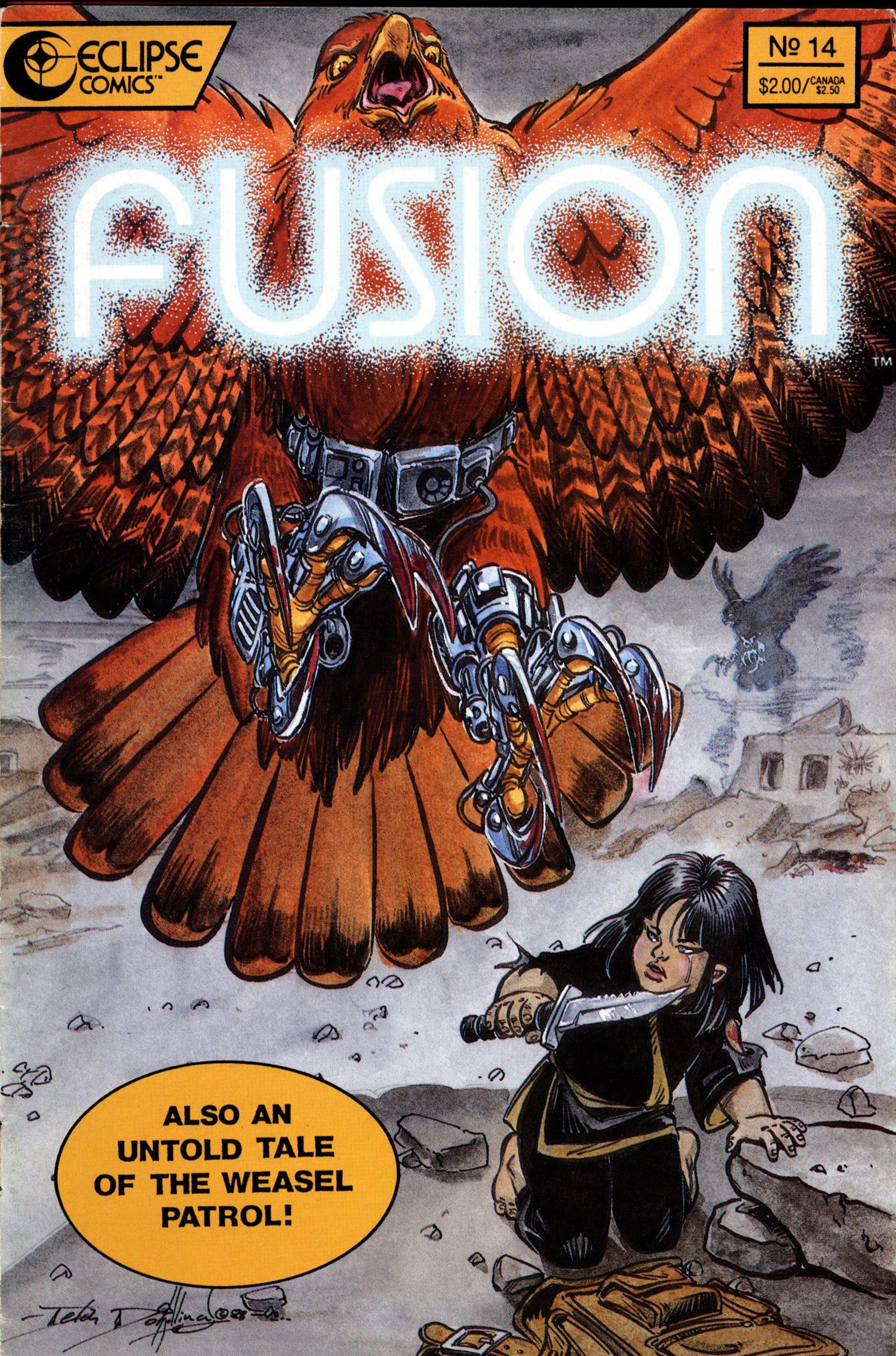


FUSION



ALSO AN
UNTOLD TALE
OF THE WEASEL
PATROL!

Terry Doherty

The OPENUMBRA

WRITE TO: ECLIPSE COMICS - P.O. BOX 1099 - FORESTVILLE - CALIFORNIA - 95436

ON THE RACKS

AIRBOY no. 47 Part 2 of 4

"The Airboy Diary" continues as Misery sets out to destroy New York City!

CYBER 7 no. 1

New Manga Series!

The Cyber 7 robots can do anything... if you can talk them into it! Intense science fiction spanning the bridge between our earth dimension and the core-reality!

FUSION no. 14

Writer Christy Marx details the tragic events surrounding Indio and Haven's first encounter during the Gene/Tech wars!

THE LAST KISS

Classic literary works of Edgar Allan Poe and D. H. Lawrence are adapted by comics artist John Watkiss and presented with some of his own original pieces.

DIRTY PAIR no. 4 (of 4)

Life and death hang in the balance as the Dirty Pair fight a losing battle in outer space!

BROUGHT TO LIGHT

Limited Edition

The critically acclaimed media sensation, *Brought To Light*, is now available in a limited hardcover edition.

DR. WATCHSTOP/ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE

Dr. Watchstop studies physics, archaeology, zoology and space exploration, but sometimes he misses the bigger picture. A graphic novel collection.

SCOUT: WAR SHAMAN no. 12

Scout and Rosa form an uneasy alliance as they attempt to sabotage Redwire's Canadian suppliers.

LOST PLANET no. 6

Bo Hampton returns from pencilling *Total Eclipse* to finish the saga of Tyler Flynn's adventures on the Lost Planet!

STORMWATCHER no. 1

New Series!

A mighty elf-warrior faces the greatest challenge of all—retirement! Will he take his golden years lying down?

APPLESEED: BOOK TWO no. 1

Deunan and Briareos return for another sell-out *Appleseed* mini-series! Painted covers for the whole series are by Arthur Adams!

THE ART OF JOHN BOLTON

Acme Press provides a retrospective on the work of top comics artist John Bolton.

LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT: I don't have enough time to answer all the mail I receive, and I'm not enough of a yuppie to hire somebody to answer it for me, so this is, for what it's worth, a series of quick replies to a number of folks who've written lately with gifts, questions, requests, and words of advice.

To T.E.P.: Thank you very much for the wonderful linen-finish postcards. They're just the kind of thing Dean and I collect, and we're very grateful to you.

To A.T.: I passed your request along to Kingsley, and by now you'll have received the Eclipse Artists' Guidelines. Send another self-addressed stamped envelope if you want the Eclipse Writers' Guidelines too. Good luck.

To S.Z.S. and E.H.: Thanks for the tidal wave of news clippings. Those about comics we send to Michigan State University Library after we've read them.

To B.C.: I'm glad you liked the books. We enjoy your letters and hope you write again whenever you have time.

To All the People Who Have Sent in Fit To Print Logos: Thanks. I have more than I can use. I pick logos to suit the "theme" of each column, and hope to use at least one from each contributor whose logos include both the name of the column and my byline.

To R.G. and M.G.: Thank you for the apple pie. It's delicious!

To T.M.M. aka J.B.: So, when are you gonna get some J.B. stationery?

To J.B.: Keep 'em flyin'!
To R.L.G. and M.W.: Of course we'll see you in San Diego for the Con this summer, but if you travel North before then, do drop in.

To L.G.: I understand your disappointment over the cancellation of *The Dreamery*, but perhaps *Ariane and Bluebeard* by Craig Russell will console you.

To F.B.: Yes, you can come visit our office. Call in advance for directions, and please plan to arrive after three p.m., when we'll have dealt with our daily deadlines and can devote some time to chatting with you.

To A.Z.Y.: E.T. phone home.

To B.J.: Yes, we will be publishing more trading cards. Apparently your store doesn't carry the *Eclipse Extra!*, or you'd have seen the reproduction of Bill Sienkiewicz's Noriega card from the upcoming *Friendly Dictators* set. That deck will be out in April.

To P.L.: We've got your name on file, so your bad checks are not good here. Send cash next time.

To S.D.: No, we still can't reveal the details on that "top secret" fantasy album you've evidently heard about, but this summer, check out our *Peter Pan* graphic albums, adapted by Andy Mangels, Craig Hamilton, and Rick Bryant.

To M.L.L.: We haven't received one of your mini-comics in a long time. Even though we never reply, we all enjoy them and hope you'll send us another, if you're still producing them.

To D.S.: Ditto for you and your poetry. The Valentine's Day card was really the best yet, a classic.

To Everyone Else: Thanks for buying and reading our stuff! You mean a lot to us, even if we don't answer every letter!

catherine yronwode
+
A hand-drawn signature in black ink, with a small circle containing a plus sign positioned below the end of the 'e'.

"THE NESTING" Part 1

C'MON, HAVEN,
YOU STUBBORN OLD
BIRD, DON'T GIVE
UP ON ME NOW.

THE SILENCE LEAVES INDIO NOTHING
TO TURN TO BUT MEMORIES.

STORY BY: AXEL SHAIKMAN

SCRIPT: CHRISTY MARX

ARTISTS: LARRY DIXON & JUDY MEADOWS

LETTERS: WAYNE TRUMAN

EDITOR: LETITIA GLOZER

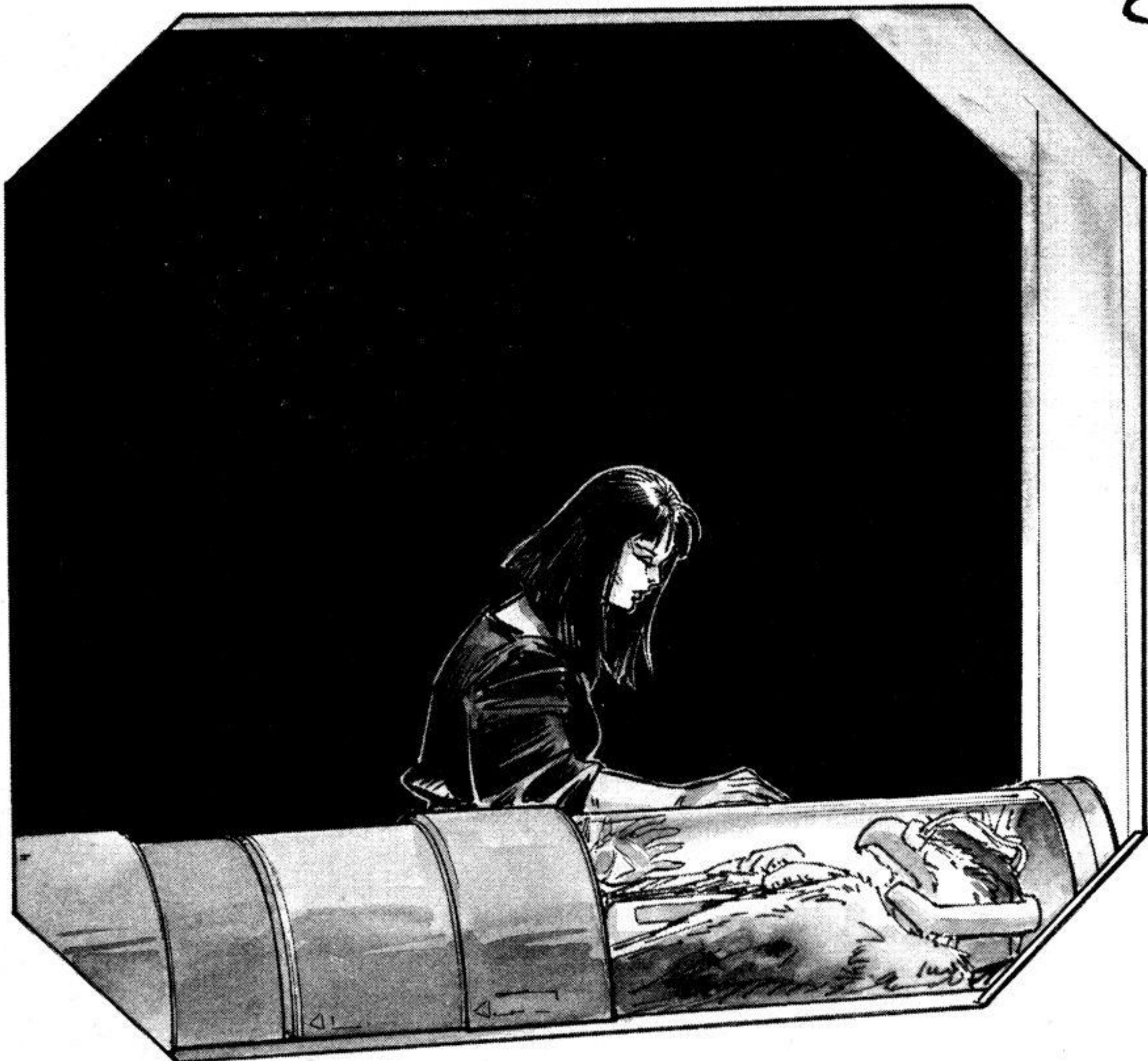
CONCEPTUAL EDITOR: LEX NAKASHIMA

PRODUCTION MANAGER: GORDON GARB

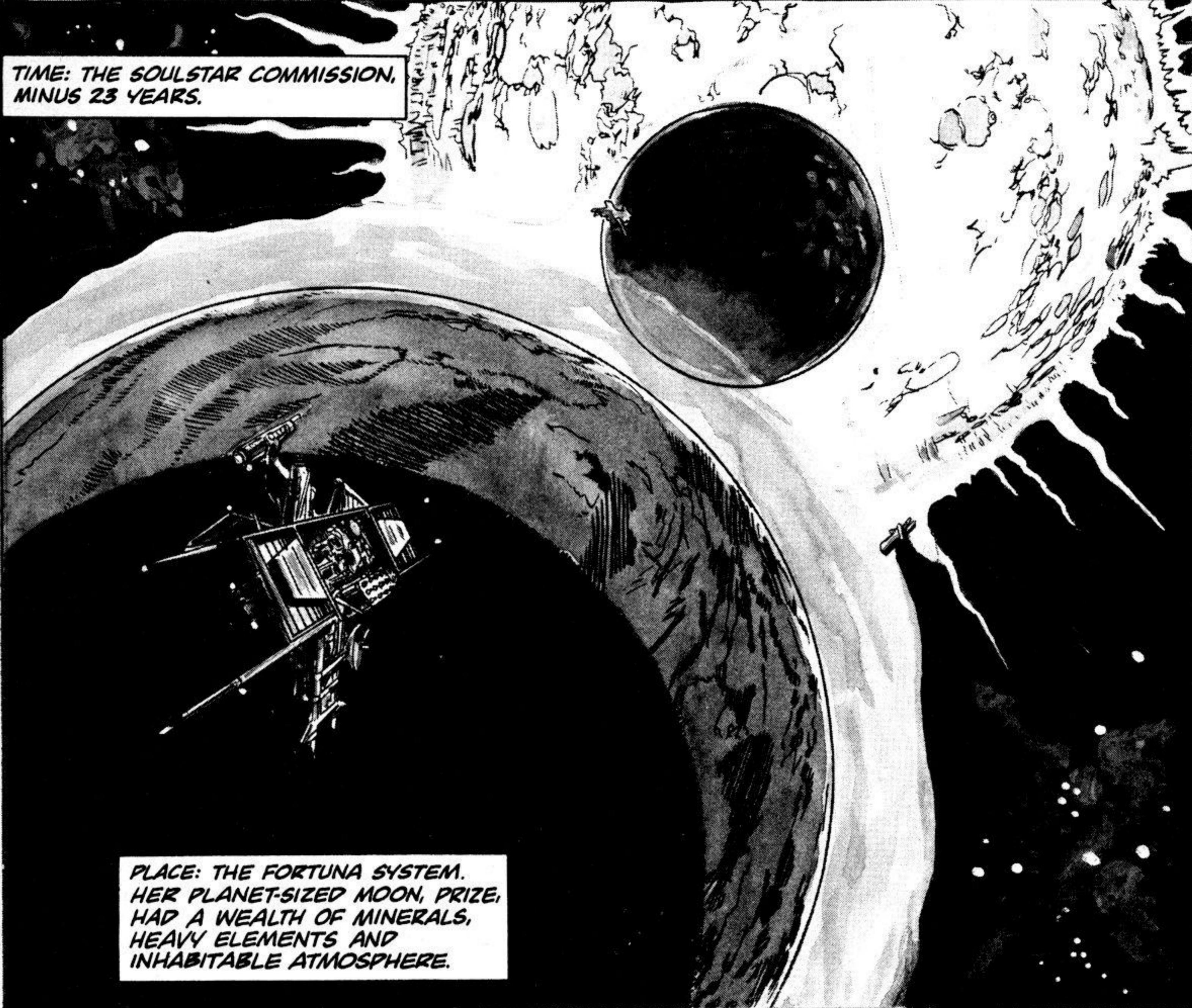


"By the hand of Clotho the thread of life is spun.
In the name of Lachesis we accept our destinies. By
the whim of Atropos the thread of life is cut."

Religious chant of the Three Suns Clan.

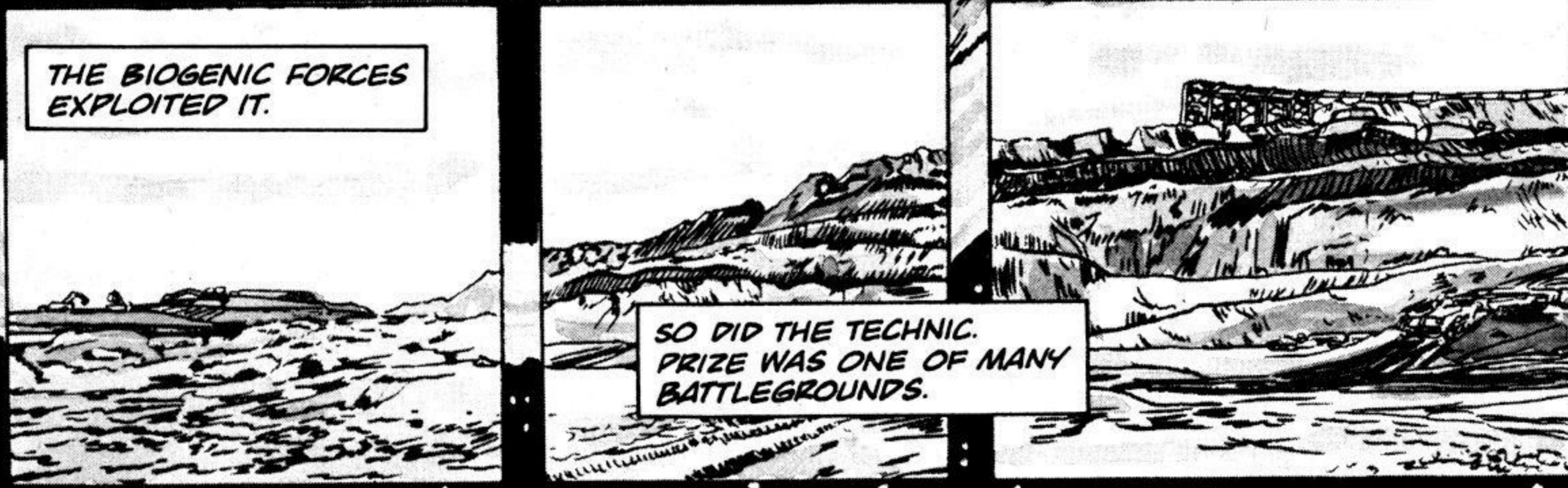


TIME: THE SOULSTAR COMMISSION,
MINUS 23 YEARS.

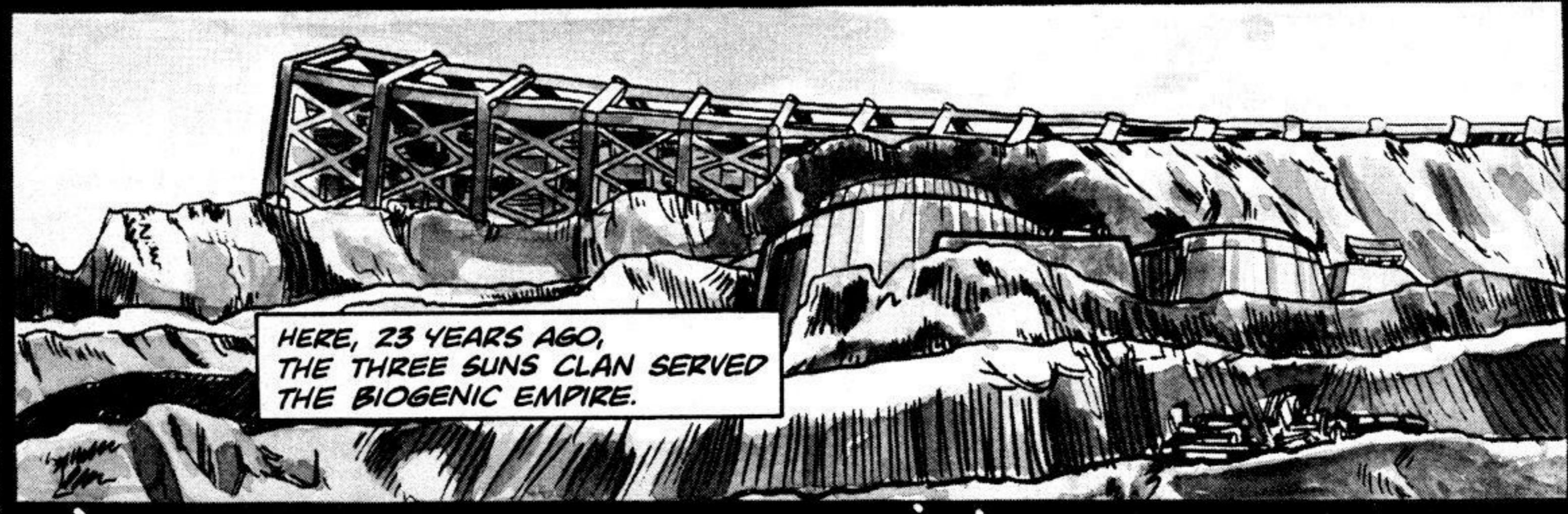


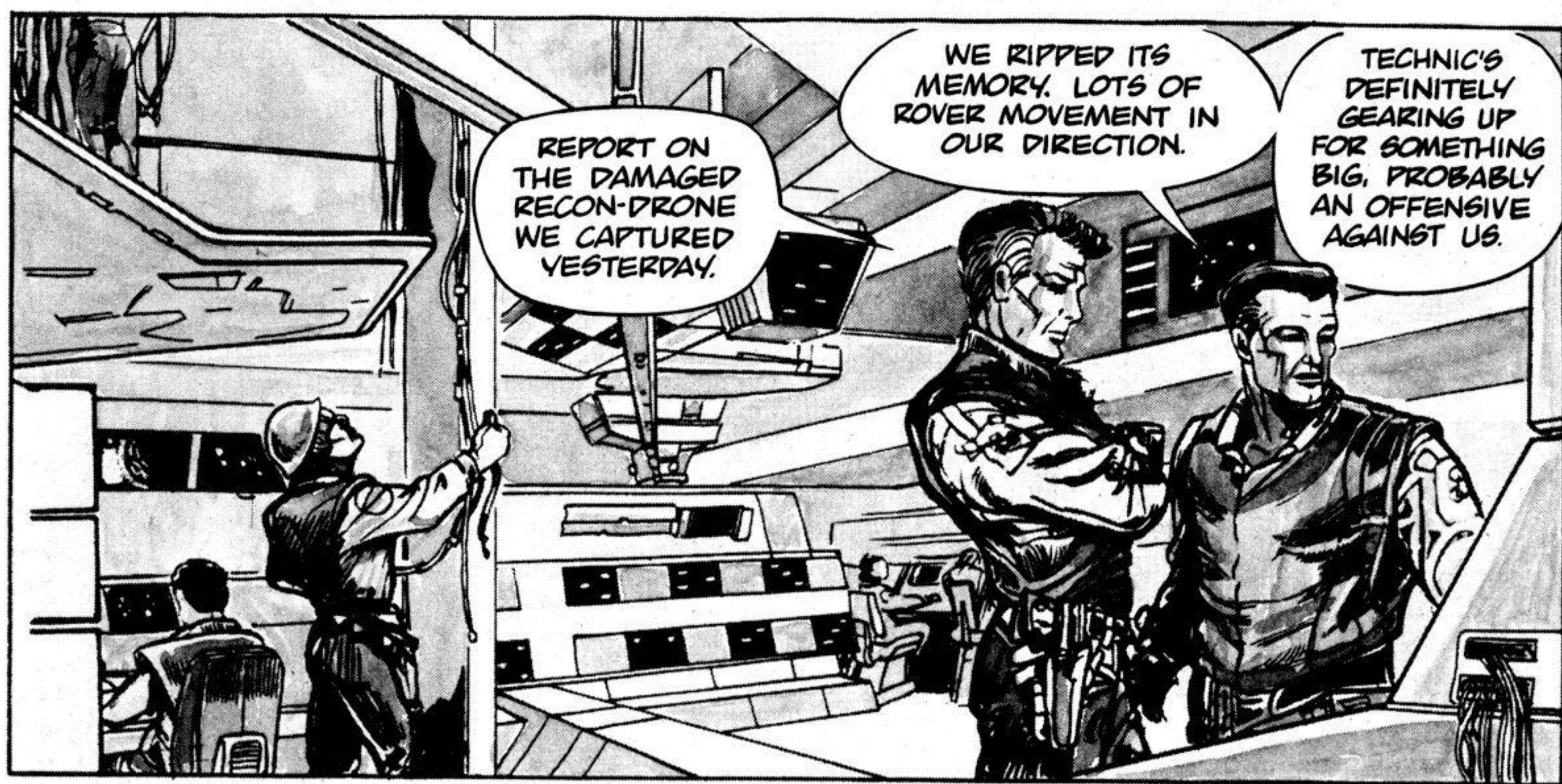
PLACE: THE FORTUNA SYSTEM.
HER PLANET-SIZED MOON, PRIZE,
HAD A WEALTH OF MINERALS,
HEAVY ELEMENTS AND
INHABITABLE ATMOSPHERE.

THE BIOGENIC FORCES
EXPLOITED IT.



HERE, 23 YEARS AGO,
THE THREE SUNS CLAN SERVED
THE BIOGENIC EMPIRE.







TRICKS ARE UP, INDIO.
STAY ALERT.

TEG,
WHAT'S
ON?

DEEP SENSORS
DETCT A HIGH-
MASS OBJECT
APPROACHING
THE BASE AT
ONE-POINT-TWO
MACH.

WHAT FORM
OF HIGH-MASS?

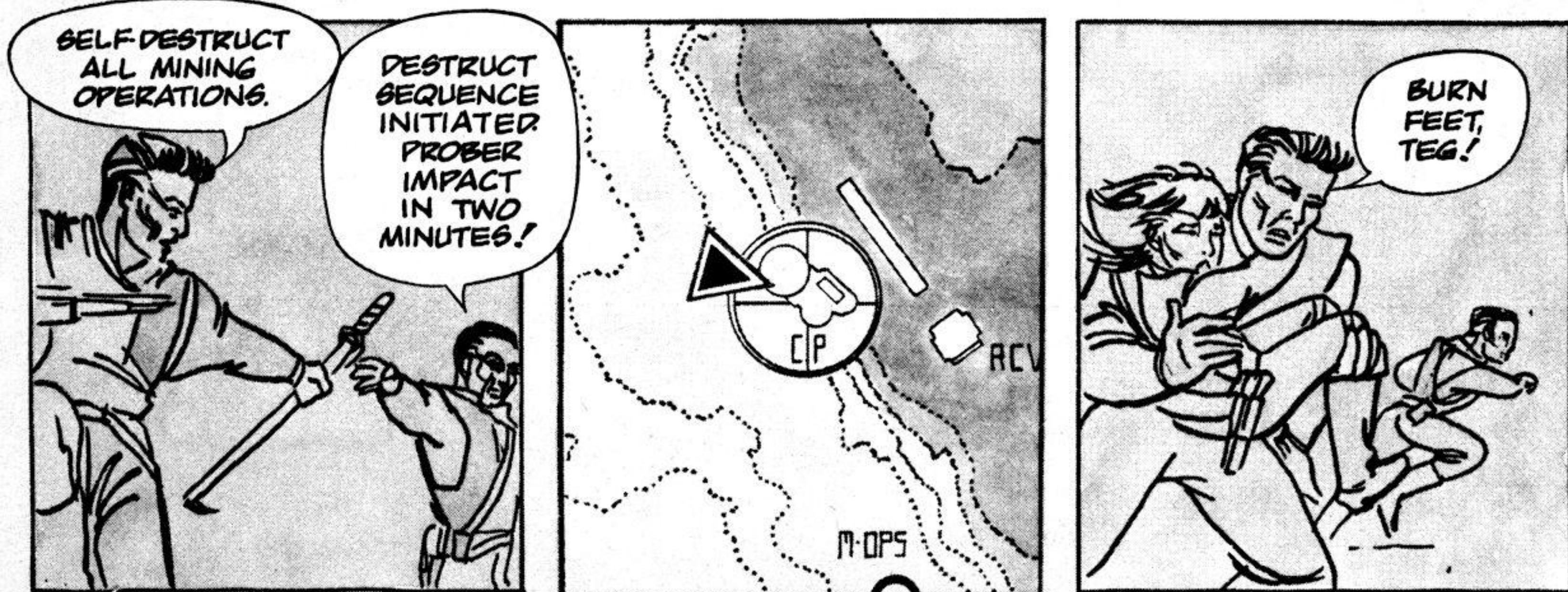
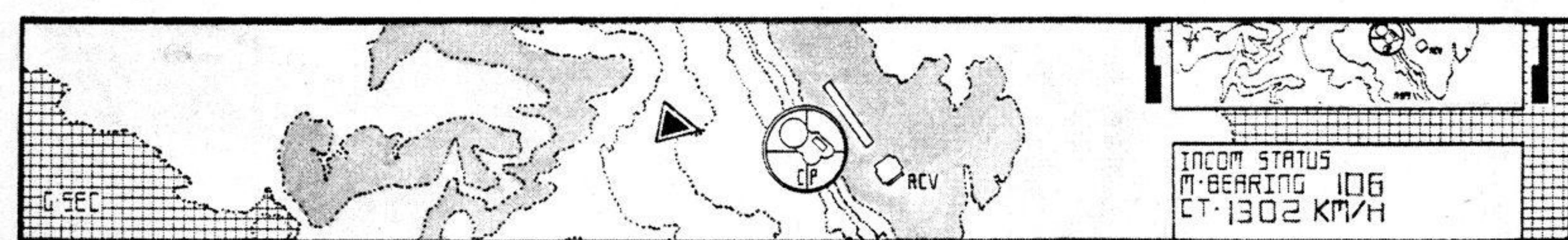
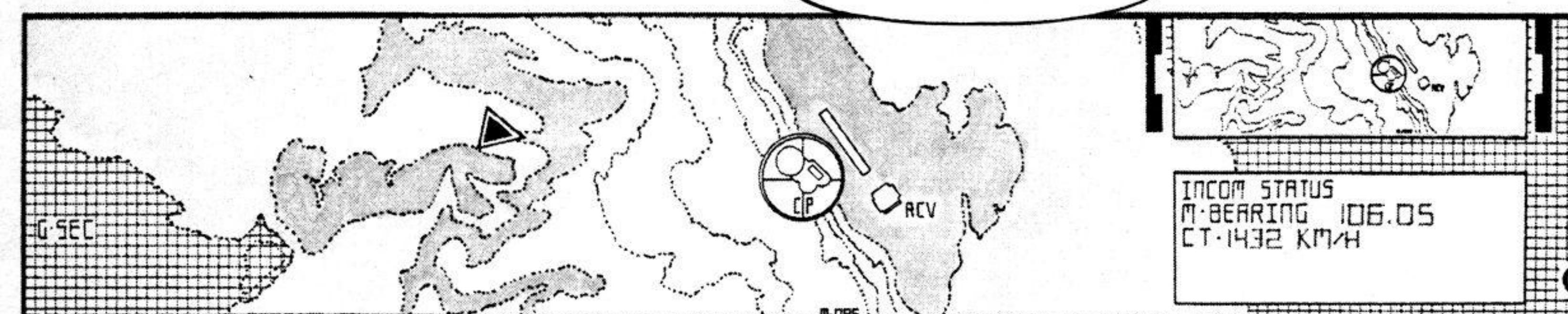
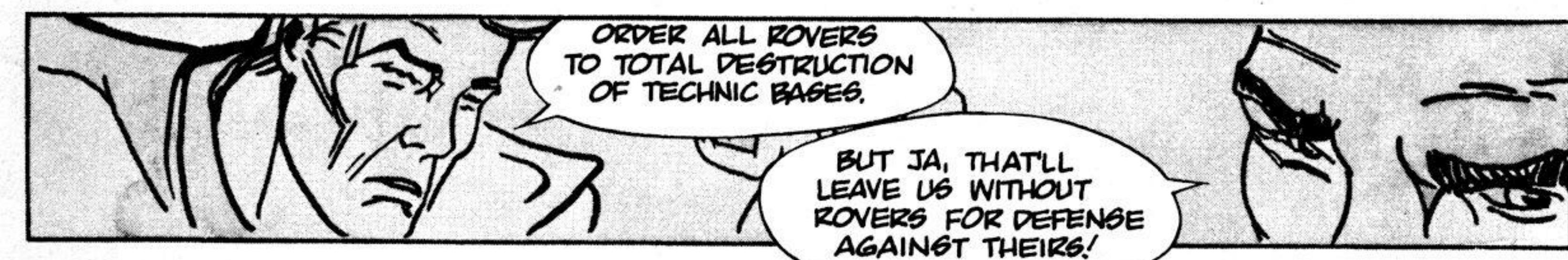
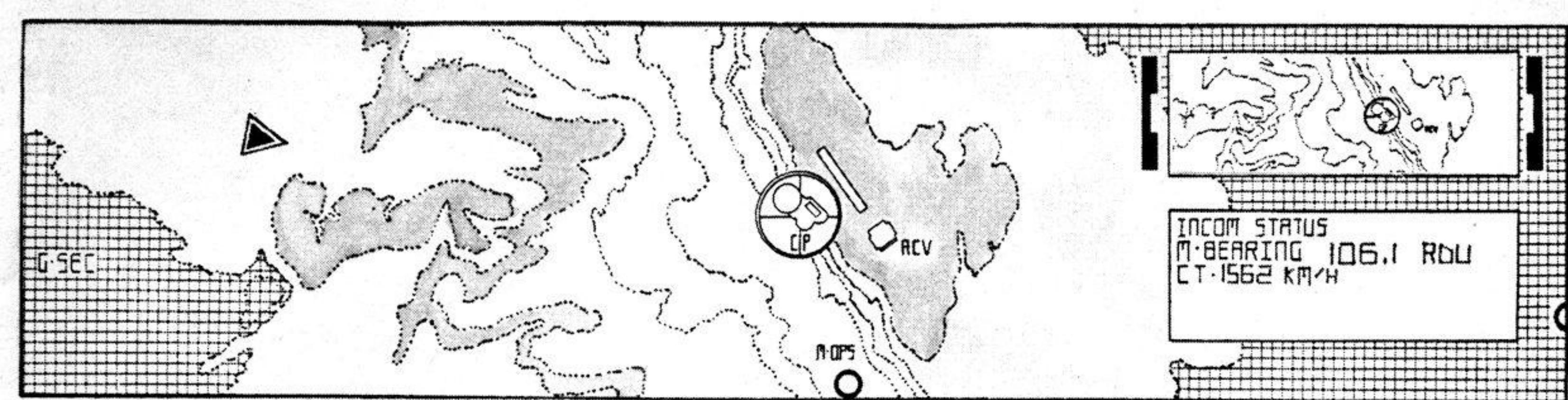
THE WAY
IT SMASHED
THROUGH OUR
DEFENSES--
ONLY ONE
THING...

AYE,
SIR.

SEVEN
MINUTES
!

A
PROBER.
ETA
?

DAMN! BASE ALERT
BLUE! TOTAL EVAC! COM,
ORDER EVERYONE TO
GRAB WHAT THEY CAN
AND GET INTO THE
CATACOMBS!





ZONA, PATCH US INTO THE DRONES. DID THEY ALL GO OUT AS ORDERED, TEG?

OF COURSE, JA.

CLANSIRE, WE TRACK GROUND AND AIR INCOMING. ROVERS ON GROUND, ORGANICS IN THE AIR.

ID THOSE ORGANICS.

A SQUAD OF FLIERS, LIGHT ARMOR.

DAMN, THEY PLANNED THIS WELL.

CARP AND STORK DIVISIONS, TAKE UP YOUR STAND HERE.

TURTLE AND REED DIVISIONS, WE'LL COUNTER THE FLIERS FROM THE RIDGE.

LACHESIS PROTECT YOU!

HEIYA! ATROPOS WILL HAVE TO FIGHT FOR HER WHIMS THIS DAY!

WE'RE IN BAD, INDIO. STAND CLOSE AND GUARD MY BACK.

AYE, CLANSIRE.

ONE MORE
BATTLE TO
FIGHT.

AYE. A
FINE LIFE. AND
THE CONTRACT IS
FULFILLED.

I'VE NEVER
FOUGHT FLIERS.
HOW BAD?

VERY. THEY'RE HARD TO
HIT. FIRE TRUE, AND WILL BE
ARMED WITH PERSONAL SHIELDS.
AIM FIRST TO OVERLOAD THE
SHIELDS, SECOND TO DISABLE
THE WINGS OR CLAWS,
THEN TO KILL.

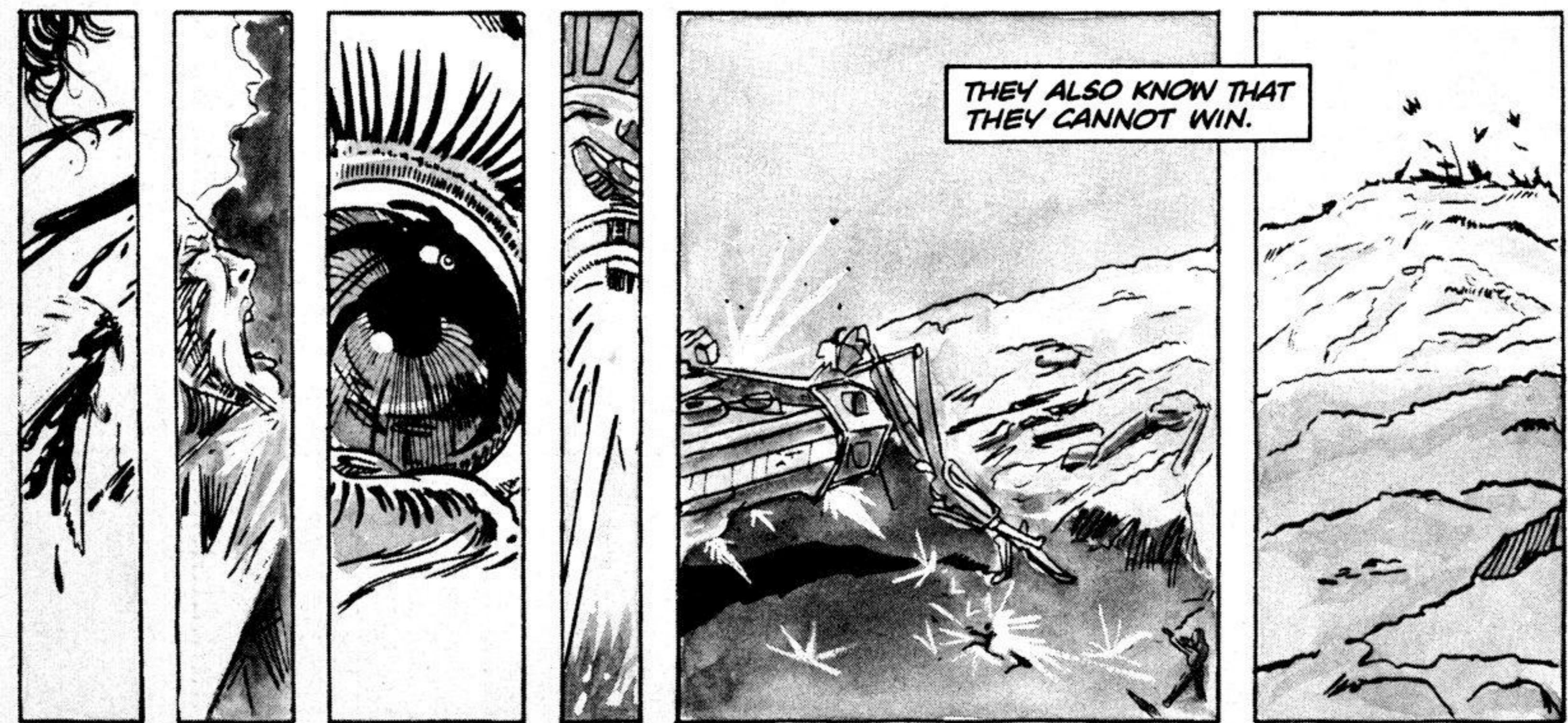
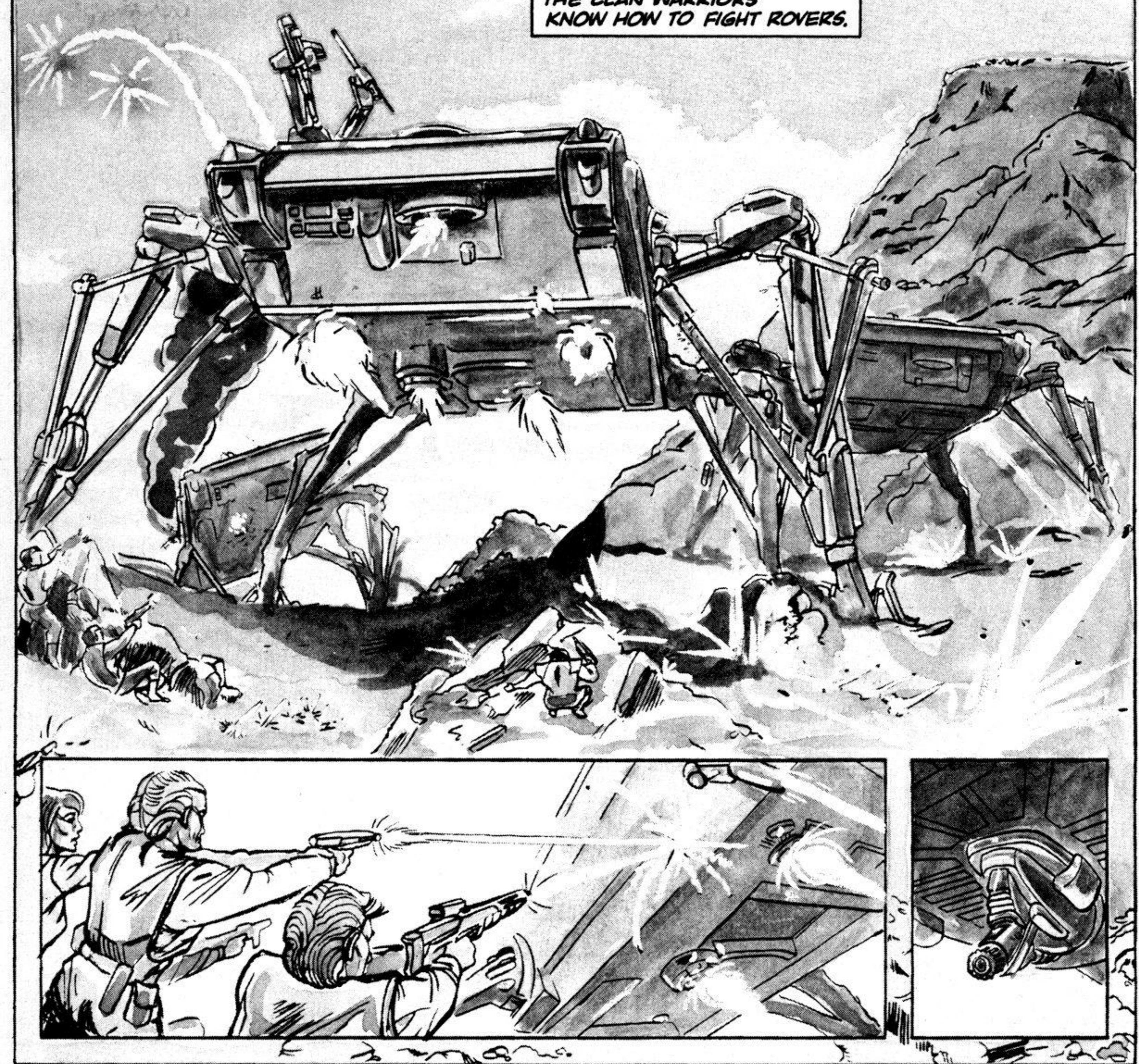
SET YOURSELVES!
HERE THEY COME!

CERE! HUMANS
SIGHTED!

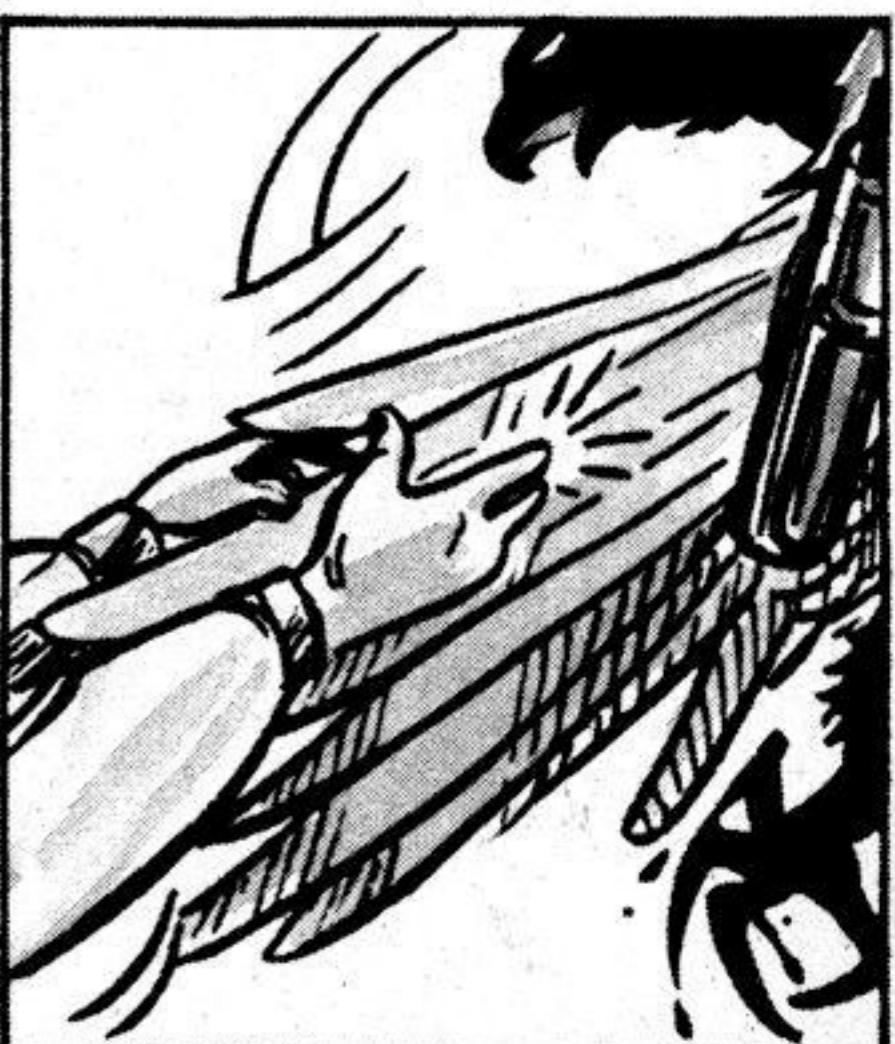
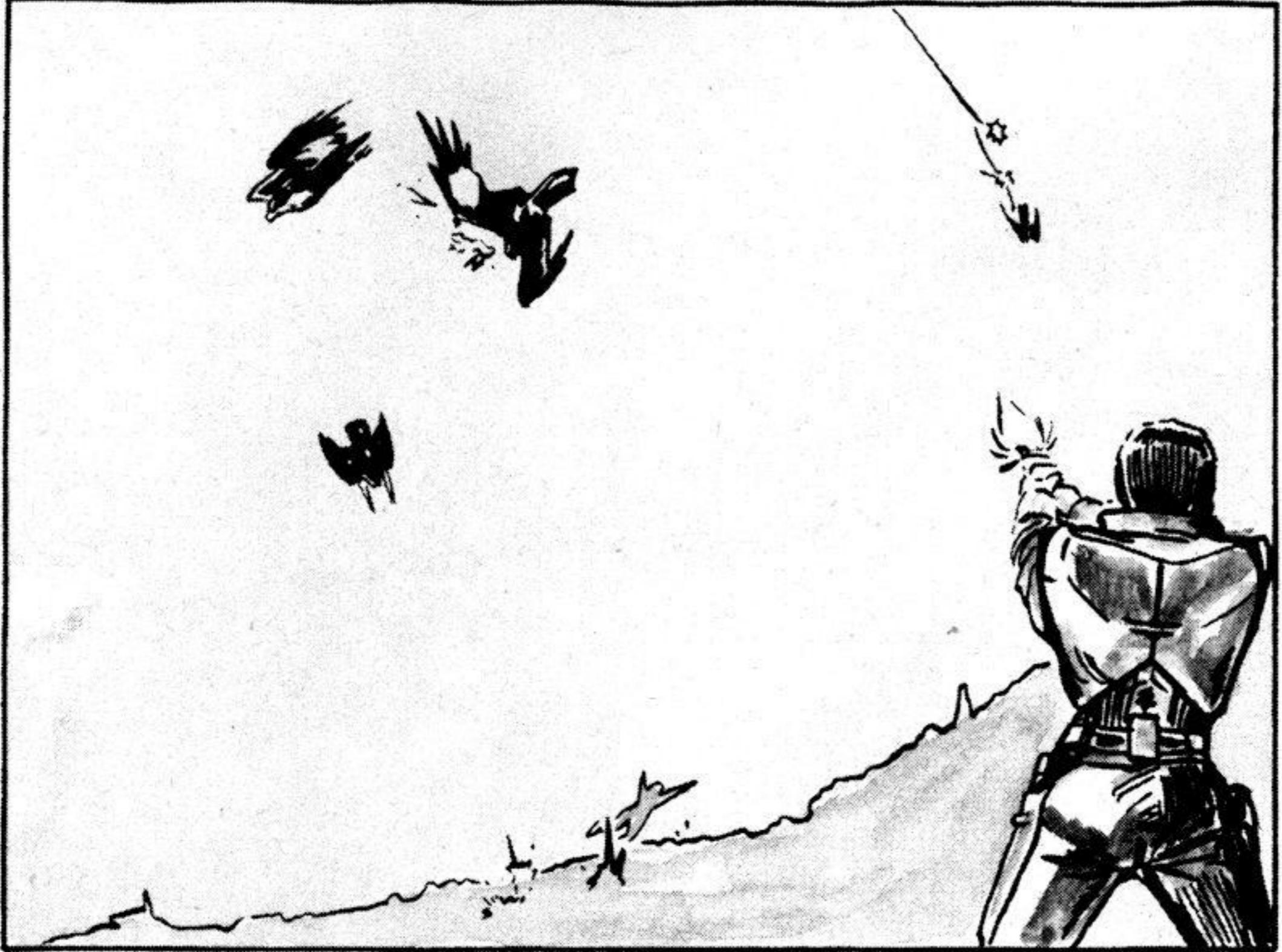
ATTACK! NO
PRISONERS!



THE CLAN WARRIORS
KNOW HOW TO FIGHT ROVERS.



THEY ALSO KNOW THAT
THEY CANNOT WIN.



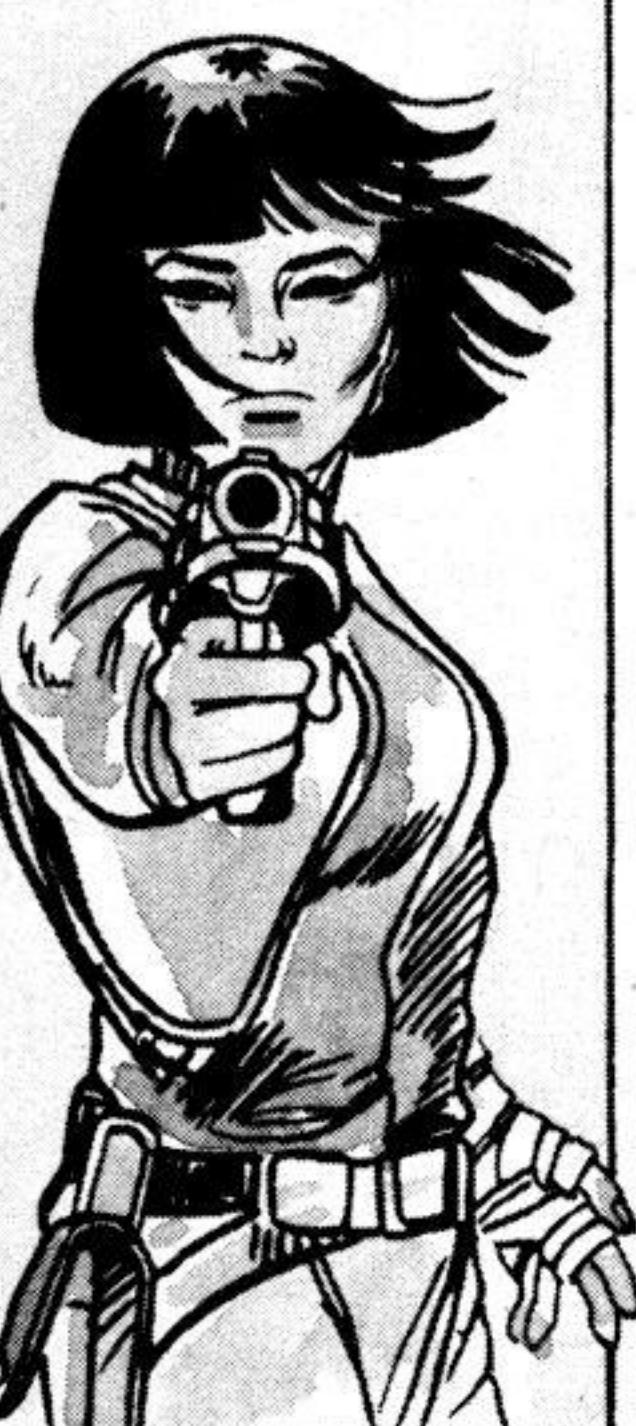




HE WAS
MY MATE.

I FOLLOWED THE SQUADS TO AID THE WOUNDED. UNFORTUNATELY, YOUR PEOPLE WERE FILLED WITH THE DEATH WISH.

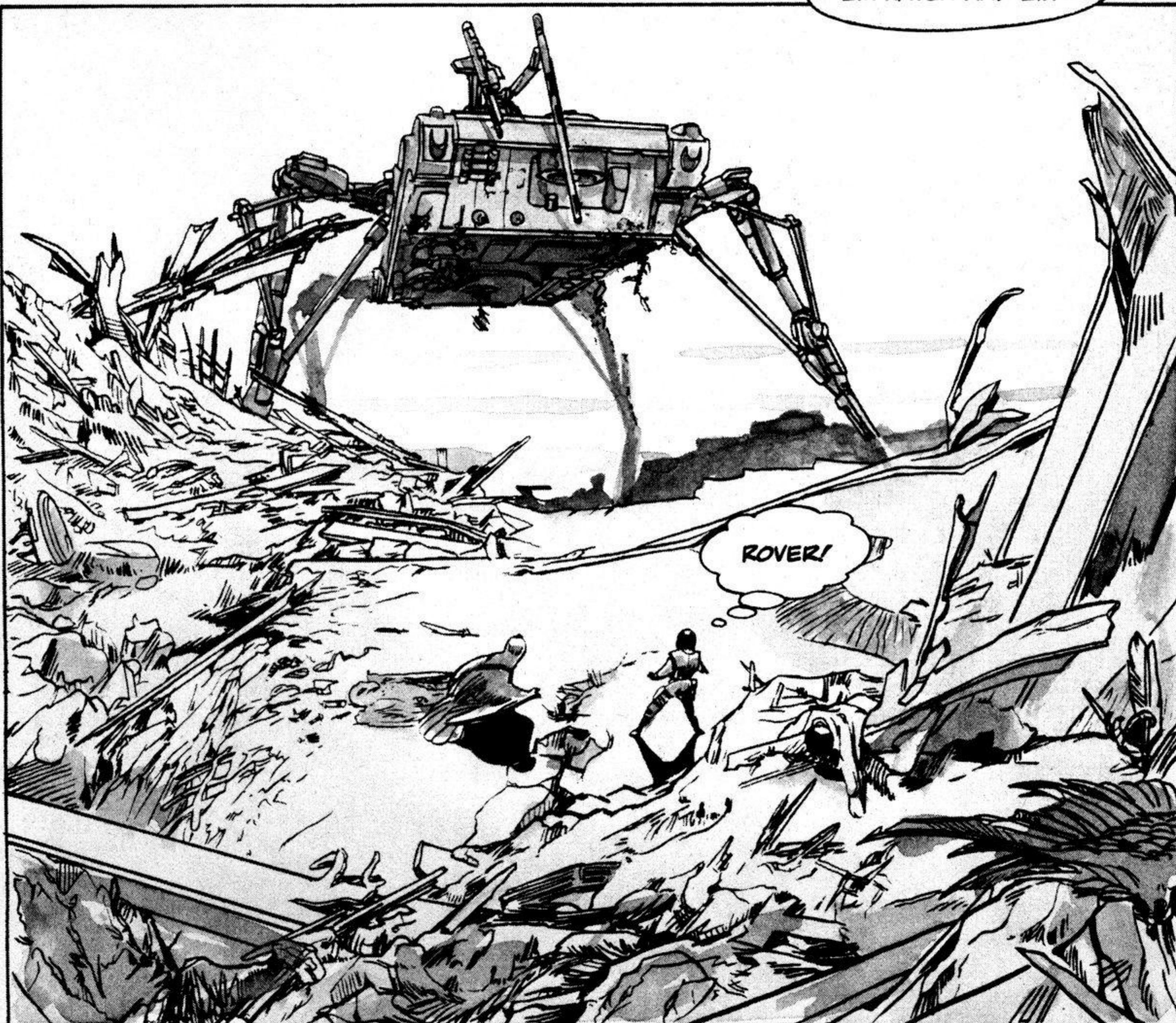
WE'RE THE ONLY SURVIVORS. YOU AND I.



WHAT NOW? THE BATTLE'S OVER.
WILL YOU KILL ME, TOO?



WELL, THAT'S A START.
I'M HAVEN AND I'M--



ROVER!

TO BE CONTINUED

JAMES BOND

007

by *Mike Grell*



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CLASS OF '40, LABATTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, XENO-LIT.

BLAH BLAH...



THE FEMUR BROTHERS

STORY & LAYOUT: STEVE GALLACCI ART: LELA DOWLING LETTERS: M. EISMAN
EDITOR: LETITIA GLOZER CONCEPTUAL 'IDIOTER': LEX NAKASHIMA
PRODUCTION 'Mangler': GORDON GARB

OH, MAN,
WHAT A YAWNER!
YA WANNA DO
A BREW?

SMEK
SMEK
SMEK

FRED!
YOU
THERE?

TANNY-BOY,
COME 'ERE.

FRED'S GONE ZOMBIE
ON US, MAN.

TOO UNCOOL.
MAYBE PARTY?

HEY, WHAT
ABOUT PHIL?

IS
GONE
TOO!
O.D.?

ARGH! LETHAL
LECTURES! UNCOOL,
UNCOOL!

WAIT, MAN. THIS IS
A PHONEY FEMUR!

YEAH! IS A
FAKE PHIL.

WHO
SCAMMED
US WITH
THESE
BOGUS
BROTHERS
?!

YEAH, THIS
IS THIRSTY
WORK.

DUNNO.
TO DORM?

LOOK! FREDS
AND PHILS AT
TEN O'CLOCK!

:PUFF:
S'BOUT
TIME!

OWE
BHEER!

HEY, MAN! WHAT'S THE
FACTS ON THESE FOBBED
OFF FAKE FEMURS?

AND WHY DIDN'T
YA LET US IN
ON THE SCAM?

YEAH, WHILE WE
GET THE FEED...

-- IT'S THE BOTTOM
OF THE NINTH --

...AN' SUBLIMINALLY
LEARN THE COURSE
WHILE WE COPPED
SOME RAYS!

WELL, MY BROTHER
AND I FIGURED
WE'D USE THE FEMUR
FACSIMILIES TA SIT
IN FOR US.

I DIDN'T
KNOW WE
WERE DOIN'
SPORTS.

WE AREN'T!

OOPS!
OH, WELL,
WANNA
BHEER?

= BLAH =
GONE WARM!

WARM BHEER,
UNCOOL!

STUZZY
BHEER
EH?



LATER...

HI, GUYS!

GOT A PORTABLE
BHEER COOLER!

YEAH, JUS' PLUG
IT IN, AND ZAP!

HOW WORK,
COOLANT?

I DUNNO,
FRED DID IT.

WAIT, DIDN'T YOU--?

NO, I DID THE
TUBE ASSEMBLY.

THAT'S RIGHT,
AN' I DID--

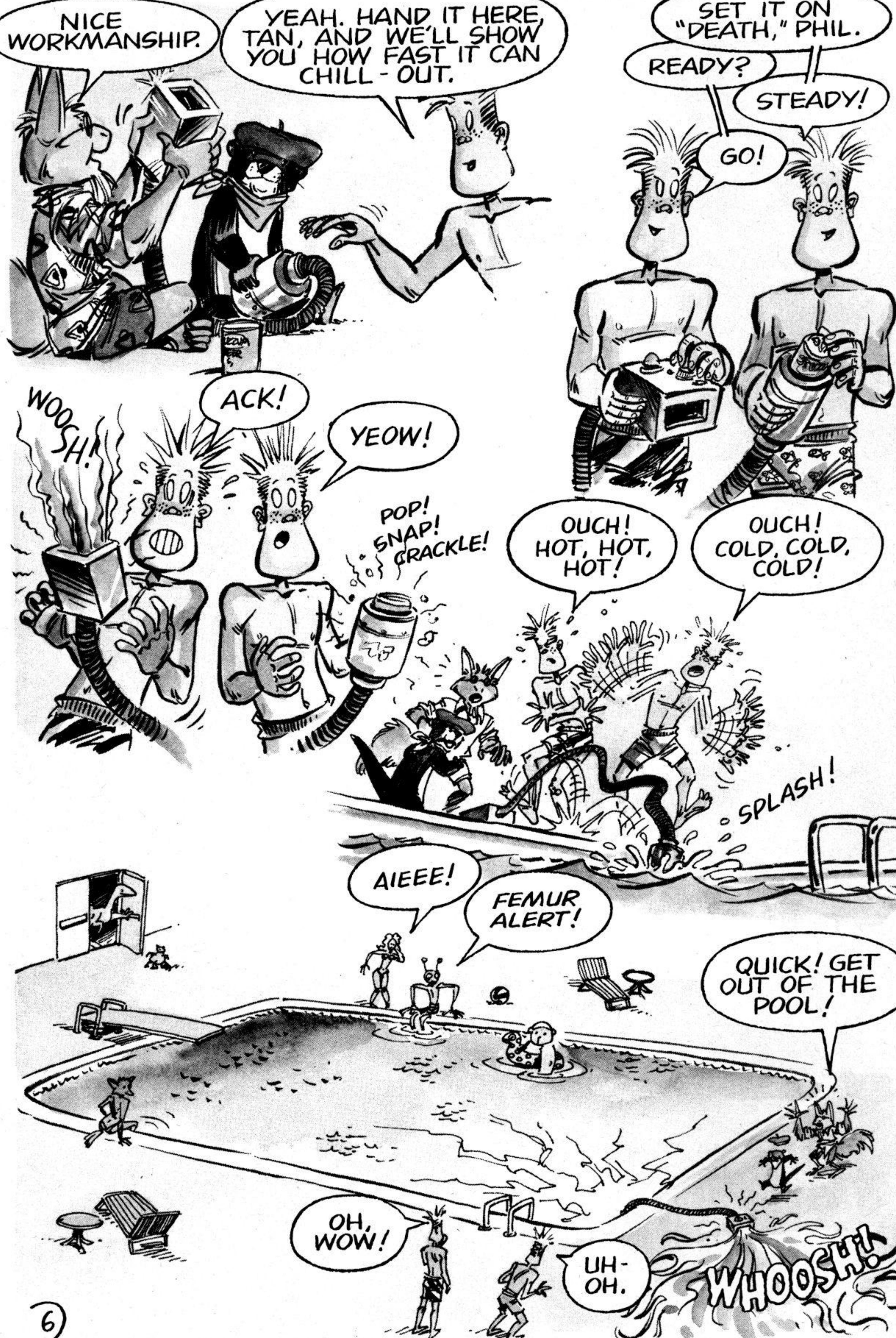
--THE HEAT
DUMP GILLS.

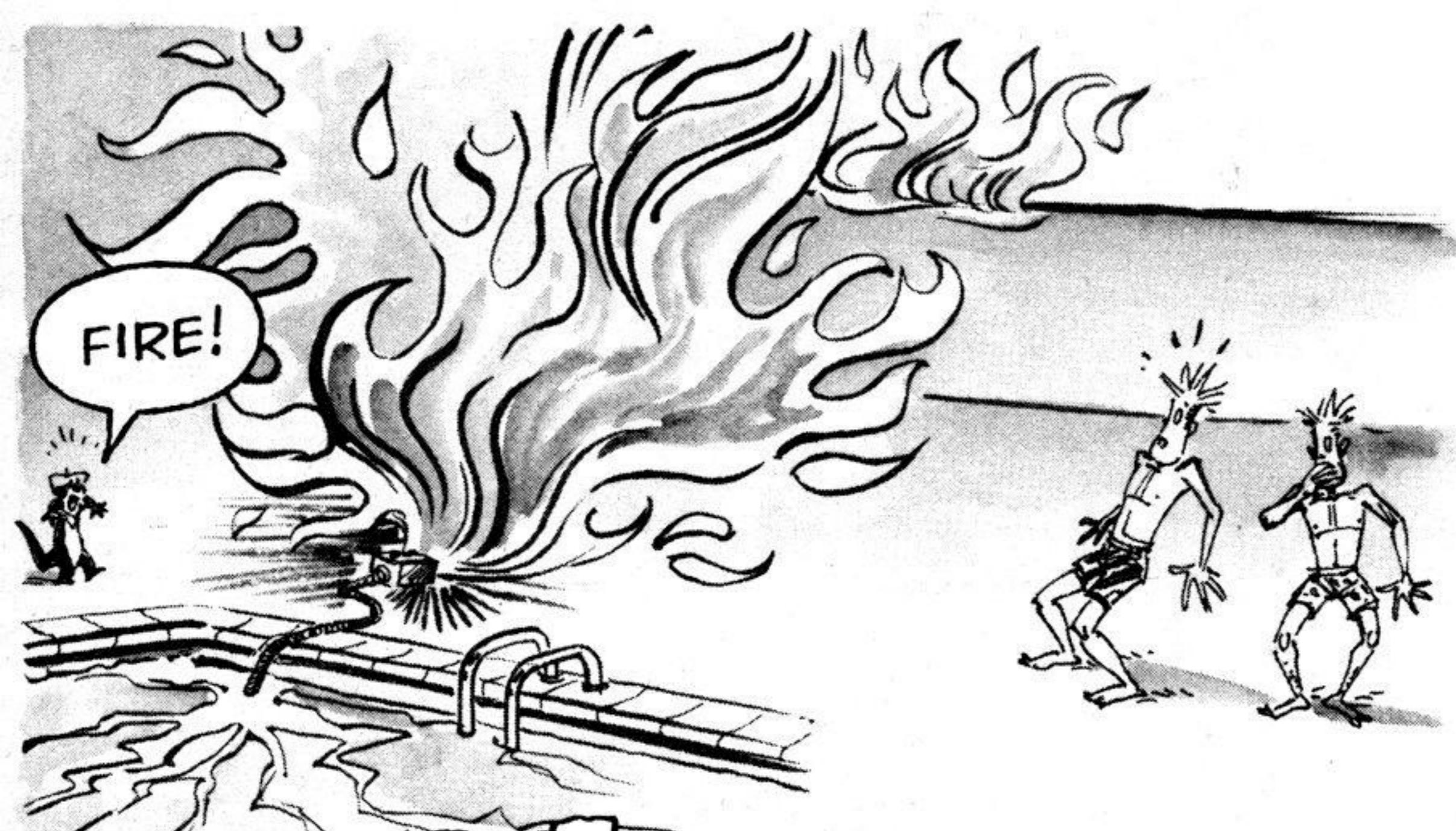
THEN WHO--?

WHO CARES,
IT WORKS.

SO! PUMPS HEAT
OUTTA BHEER--

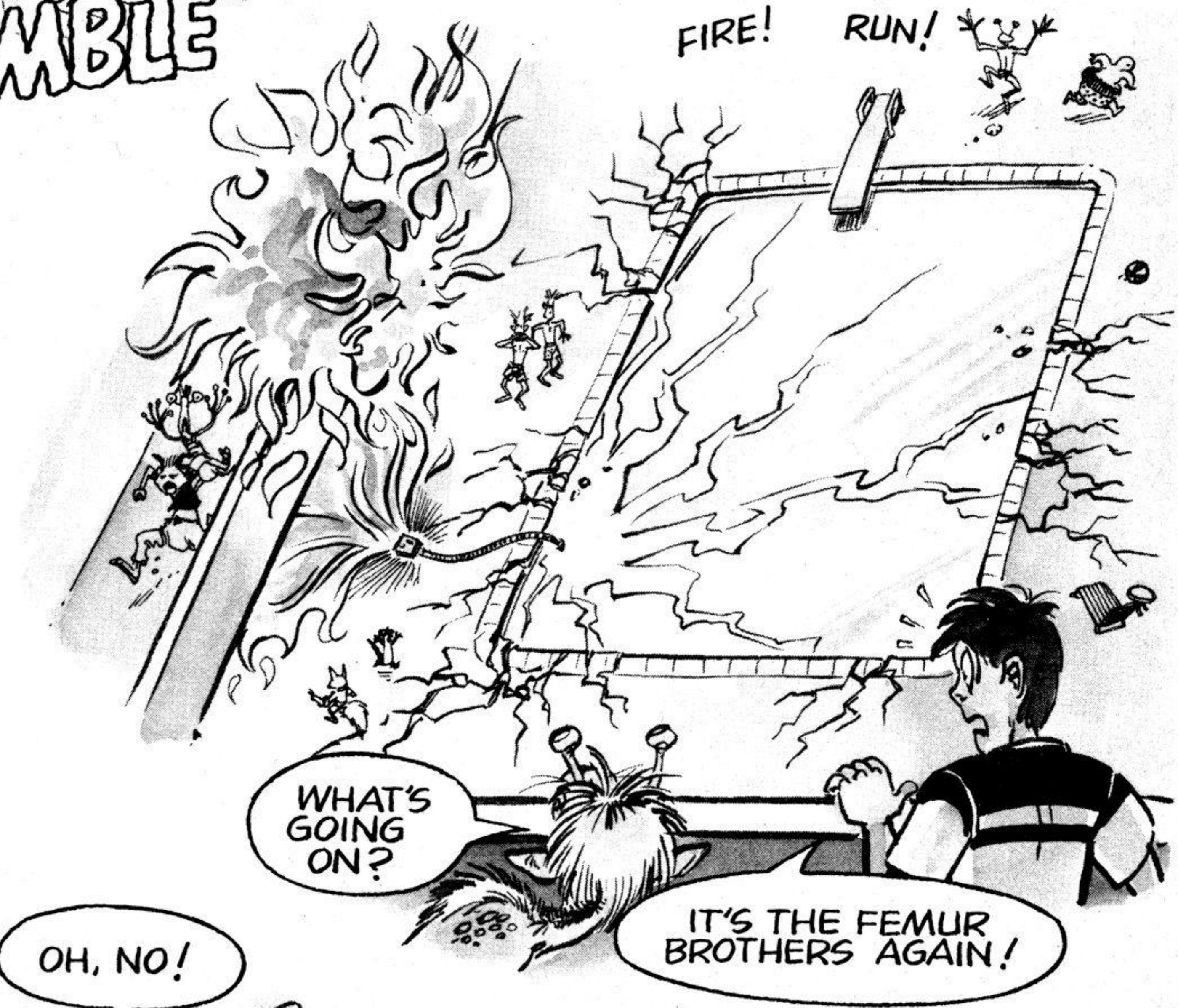
--AND IT
WHOOSHES OUT
THIS END. I
LIKE IT.





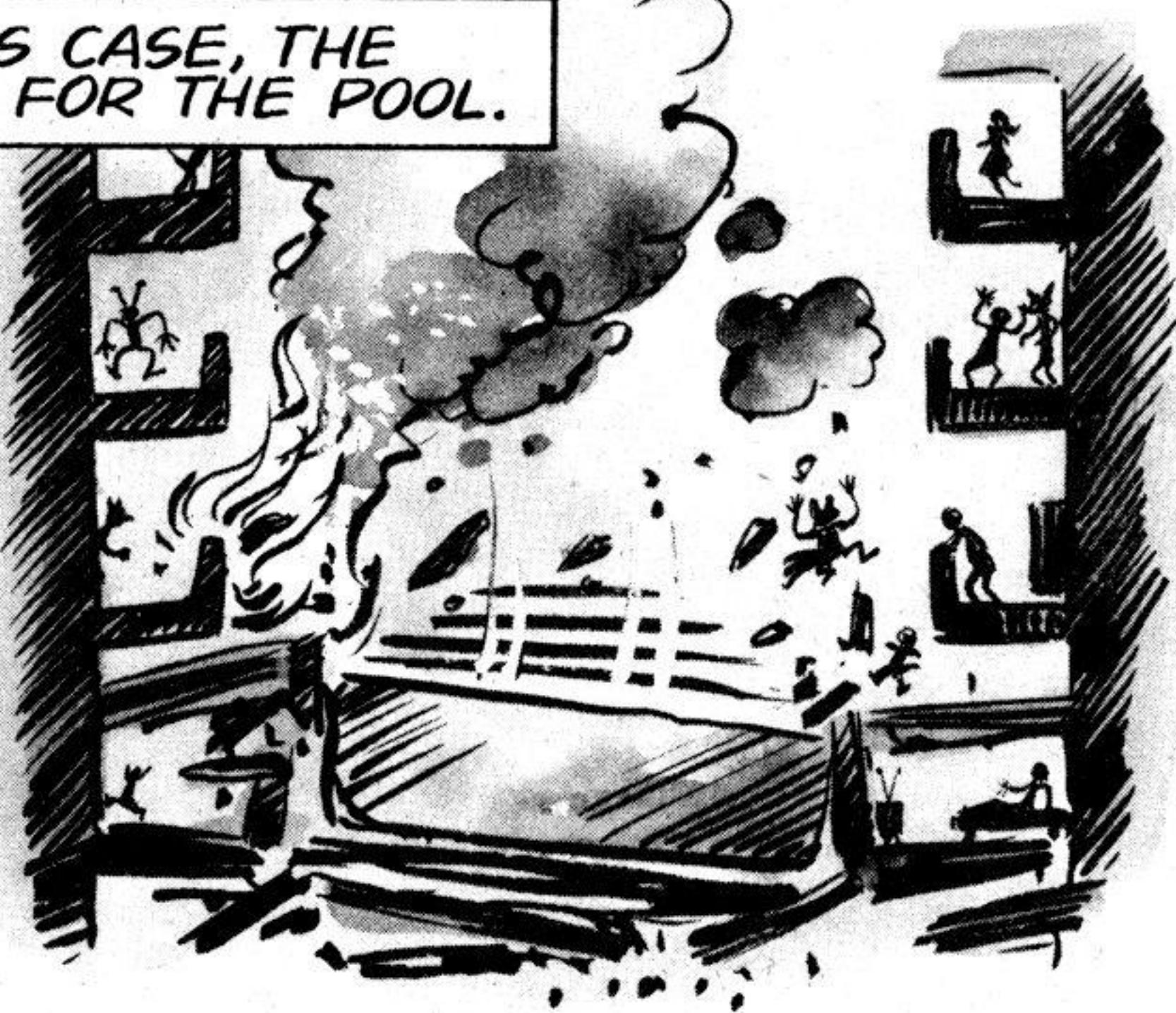
RUMBLE

FIRE! RUN!

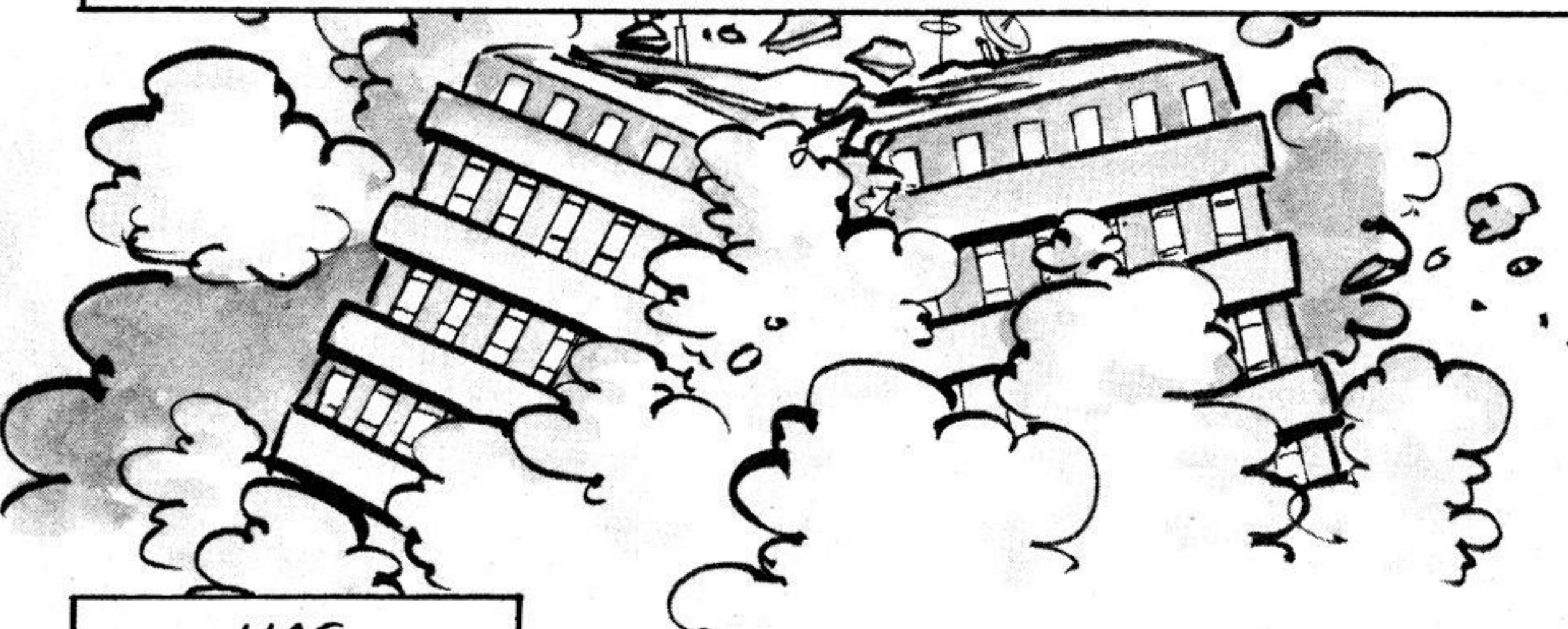


WATER, AS WE KNOW, EXPANDS AS IT FREEZES. THE PRESSURE OF THAT EXPANSION CAN BREAK ITS CONTAINER ...

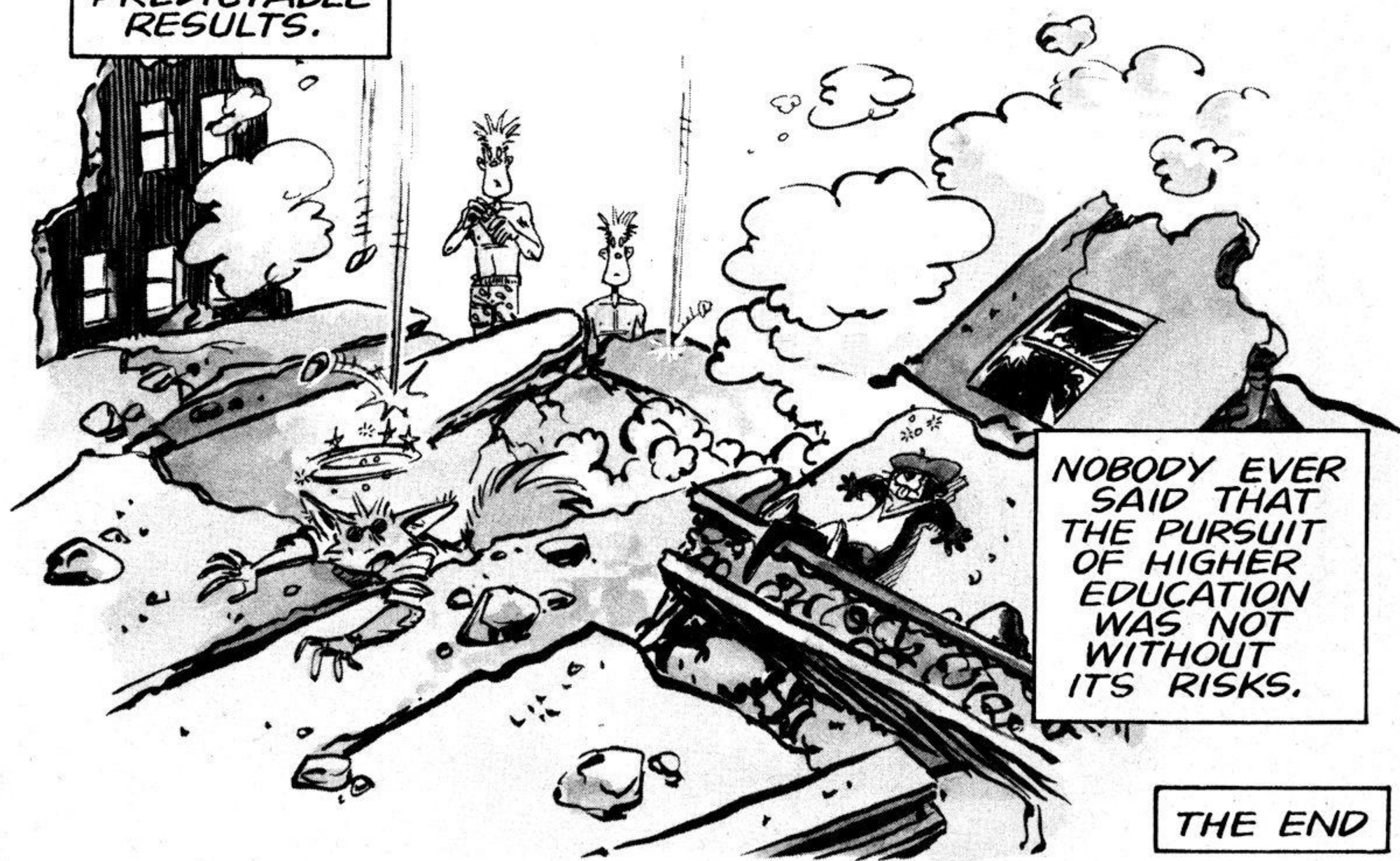
... IN THIS CASE, THE SUPPORTS FOR THE POOL.



THE EFFECT OF DROPPING A POOL-SIZED ICE CUBE THROUGH THE CENTER OF THE DORMITORY...



... HAS PREDICTABLE RESULTS.



NOBODY EVER SAID THAT THE PURSUIT OF HIGHER EDUCATION WAS NOT WITHOUT ITS RISKS.

THE END

Take Off!

Coming Next Issue:

In FUSION #15 we resume the story of Indio and Haven's first meeting. As we begin part two of "The Nestling," young Indio and Haven are discovered by a Rover, a mechanical instrument of war, which waits with deadly machine patience to kill anything that moves. As the two struggle to stay alive, Indio learns that in war there are no winners, only survivors. Art is by Lela Dowling & Steve Gallacci, Larry Dixon & Judy Meadows. Full-color painted cover is by Steve Gallacci. Script is by Christy Marx from a story by Axel Shaikman.

Those frantic, fury enforcers of future law-and-order, the Weasel Patrol, return once more in FUSION #15. Written and drawn by the weasel-crazed team of Lela Dowling and Ken Macklin, the Weasel Patrol is fast becoming known throughout the galaxy for its legendary ability to consume cheezies and apprehend evil-doers and jay-walkers.

And rounding out issue #15 of FUSION will be another story of Tan and Eddy's exploits back at Labatt's Tech, with the legendary Femur Brothers! "The Femur Brothers" is written and drawn by Steve Gallacci and Lela Dowling.

All of this will be in issue #15 of FUSION, in better stores in May, 1989. Don't miss this one; there will be a quiz later!

Contest Results:

In FUSION #12 I posed a contest in which humor was the key element. I asked you to come up with the humor of the time of the Tsunami, humor that was maybe really just old, recycled Marx Brothers or Three Stooges era jokes and clichés. You came up with a great many good comedy ideas, and I'll print as many of them here as I can.

- "I never forget a face, but in your case I'll make a 3-D hologram."
- "Waiter, waiter, there's a fly in my soup."
- "No, sir, it's a weasel, and don't shout or the whole Patrol will join him!"

— Malcolm Bourne

• Here's a scenario that features Bradwell and Beatrice Badger, the dreaded Bureaucrat Badgers, doing their biennial inspection of Indio's new ship, *The Roasted Swan*, for purposes of "Revenue Interdiction." It's tax-time. While Indio and her crew stand by in various stances of indignation, misery, or helplessness, you get an imaginary background of brasses and woodwinds doing a caterwauling jazz accompaniment, while the two short, stubby officials poke, probe, trip, tumble, bump into one another, and...

Bradwell bumps noses with Beatrice beneath a large door marked "Cargo Hold."

Bradwell: "Where is the cargo?"

Beatrice: "No, you mean, 'where does the car go?'" They look about nearsightedly, then, trying to back away from one another, fall into a "sticky hands" routine.

Bradwell: "It has to be here somewhere."

Beatrice: "Unless it's here nowhere. Maybe they're carrying nothing. Maybe the hold is full of emptiness."

Bradwell: "Smugglers!"

Beatrice: Throws her arms around him. "Snugglers!" They simultaneously sift through one another's pockets, pulling out pencil stubs, IOUs, a pair of handcuffs, no money.

Bradwell: "We can't arrest them for smuggling nothing."

Beatrice: "If it isn't mandatory, it's prohibited. Open that door."

Bradwell: Fools around with the door, which falls open like a drawbridge, smashing the two quite flat. The door then rises again, until it is fully closed once more. The badgers pop up, however, like cartoon characters or like the nature of bureaucracy itself. Groans weakly, "I need a medical exemption."

Beatrice: Pulls out a gigantic sonic blaster. "Stand by for an audit." Vaporizes door.

Both, simultaneously: "What?" The cargo hold, as suspected, is empty.

Bradwell: Thoughtfully, "We could put a Hold on their hold."
Beatrice: "We could put a lien on it."
Bradwell: Leans on the opposite door, which falls flat, just like the first one. "Maybe not..."
Beatrice: "I have a Tax Idea!" *
Bradwell: "What?"
Beatrice: "They don't have any money, so why don't we Tax Us?" Both are very happy with this idea, and bounce off over the spaceport landing field giggling and jumping.
Tan: "Finestkind. Er...what were we smuggling?"
Indio: Holds up keys to the spaceship. "The ship."
— Jefferson P. Swycaffer

* *Taxidea Taxus*: North American Badger

- Pete Petrograde asks Dr. Watchstop, "Who was that lady I saw you with last night?" And Dr. Watchstop says, "That wasn't last night. That was next week."
- One Mehook says to the other, "You know, I really don't like the Weasel Patrol." And the other one says, "Well, just eat the vegetables."

— John Henry Sain

- Take my Warf, please!
— Matt Gorman

• One future TV show will feature a trio dressed in red nun's space-habits, who will jump into a room filled with all sorts of aliens and yell, "Nobody expects the Intergalactic Nun Stormtrooper Inquisition!"

— Rich Schleifer

• "Cat vs. Mouse" has always been a popular plot in the cartoons. How about having Alshain cross paths with a sentient mouse who gives her a hard time? (Carz might get pulled in as well.) Even better might be to have her meet up with a hostile 9-foot tall mouse and use her speed and wit to escape him, doing him the usual slapstick violence in the process.

— Charles Garofalo

- Although I was brought up watching Abbott and Costello and Laurel and Hardy movies on TV, I feel that humor in the future might be modelled after contemporary comedians and comedy teams, such as The Firesign Theatre.

(Jed provided a sample dialog which we can't reprint here without getting prior copyright clearance from the Firesign Theatre. So, to get an idea of what he's suggested, go out and buy an album by The Firesign Theatre. You'll be glad you did!)
— Jed Martinez.

- Dangervoid:

"Hey, how are yuh? God, life's rough, ain't it? I don't get no respect; last week I'm flying the lanes between Zoove and Helmna, this cop pulls me over. I say, 'What's the problem?' He says, 'Yuh wanna step outta yer car?' So I sez, 'Okay, just lemme put my space suit on.' He sez, 'What would be the point then?'"

"My wife's from Ancora...oh, these mixed marriages, lemme tell yuh, they never work out...always leaving scales in the bed...and she's a mammal! I mean, really. My mother always told me, she said, 'Son, stick to your own phylum.' I thought she meant don't change your underwear too much! Which might go a long way in explaining a few things, lemme tell yuh..."
— Todd G. Sutherland

So, who wins? This was another tough contest, with a lot of great entries. Thanks to everyone who entered. The first runner-up, who doesn't get a prize, but who does get his name mentioned here as a way-cool dude, is Todd G. Sutherland. "Dangervoid" was terrific future old comedy! Great work!

And the winner of the little three monkeys carving from Nikko, Japan is Jefferson P. Swycaffer. His tale of the Bureaucrat Badgers was first rate! Congratulations, Jefferson, and I hope that the monkeys get along okay with Verna!

For the Cheezies Prize, Ken and Lela have picked John Henry Sain and his Dr. Watchstop one-liner. Congrats, John Henry!

That's all that there's room for in this issue.
Until next we cross photons,
Gordon Garb, Professional Production Delay

EVEN IN THE ERA OF INTERPLANETARY TRAVEL, ROUTINE DOMESTIC FLIGHTS ARE STILL PLAGUED BY AIRBORNE CRIME. TO COMBAT THE NEW BREED OF THIEVES AND HIJACKERS, A NEW BREED OF IN-FLIGHT POLICE IS EMPLOYED. POLICE OF PERCEPTION, OF RESOURCEFULNESS, UNABLE TO RUN AWAY. A UNIQUE BRANCH OF LAW ENFORCEMENT KNOWN AS...

THE WEASEL PATROL

TO THE CASUAL OBSERVER, WE APPEAR TO BE ORDINARY BUSINESS TRAVELERS AND TOURISTS...

...INSTEAD OF THE WORLD'S MOST CUNNING AND FORMIDABLE CRIME FIGHTING FORCE THAT WE ARE.

COULDN'T WE HAVE GOTTEN OUR OWN SEATS, THOUGH?

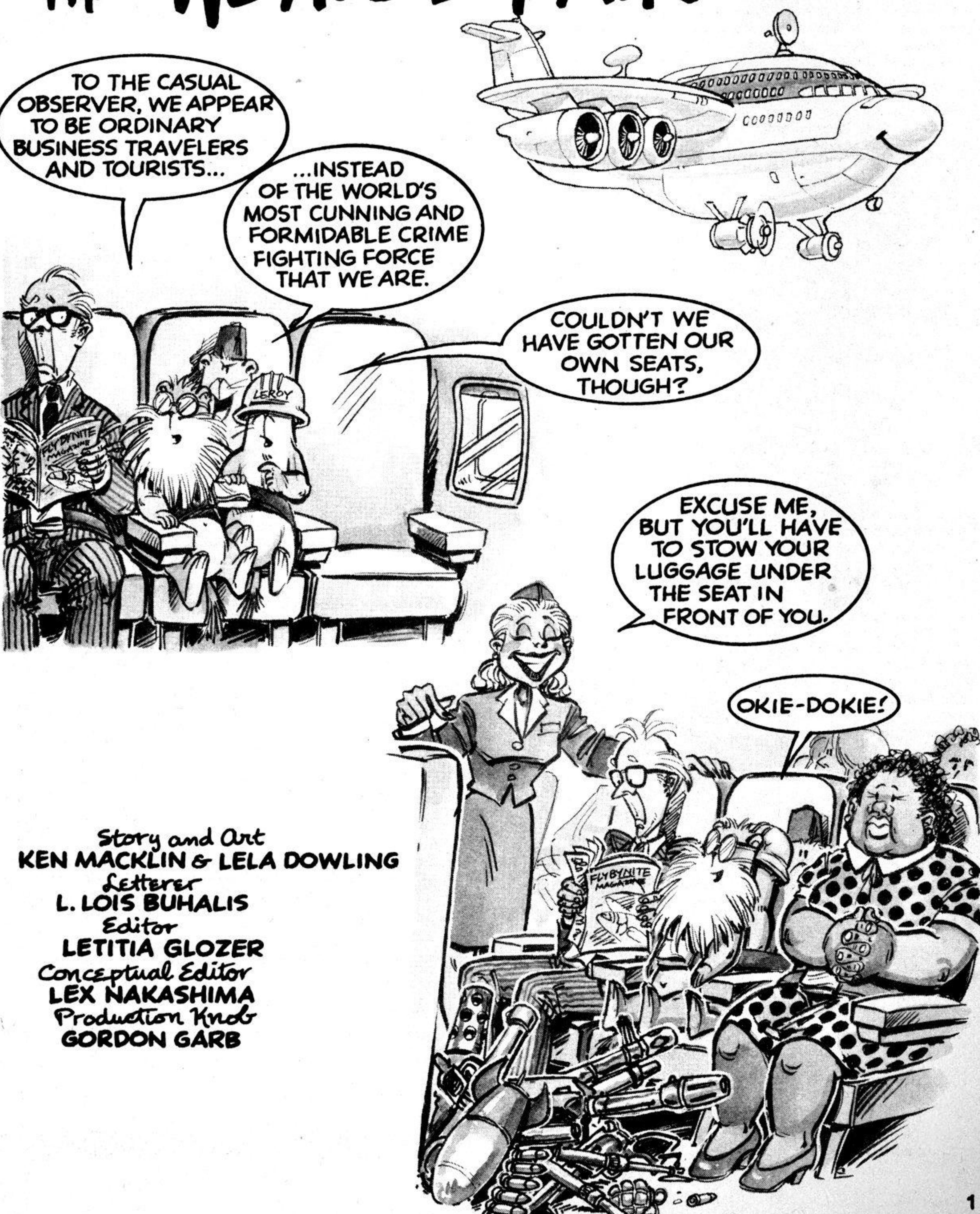
EXCUSE ME, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO STOW YOUR LUGGAGE UNDER THE SEAT IN FRONT OF YOU.

OKIE-DOKIE!

Story and Art
KEN MACKLIN & LELA DOWLING

Letterer
L. LOIS BUHALIS

Editor
LETITIA GLOZER
Conceptual Editor
LEX NAKASHIMA
Production Knob
GORDON GARB



MEANWHILE, UP IN THE COCKPIT...

=HEH, HEH=

YUST KEEP DE PLANE ON COURSE TO BEIRUT, UND NO WUN BE IMPINGED UPON HORRIBLY.

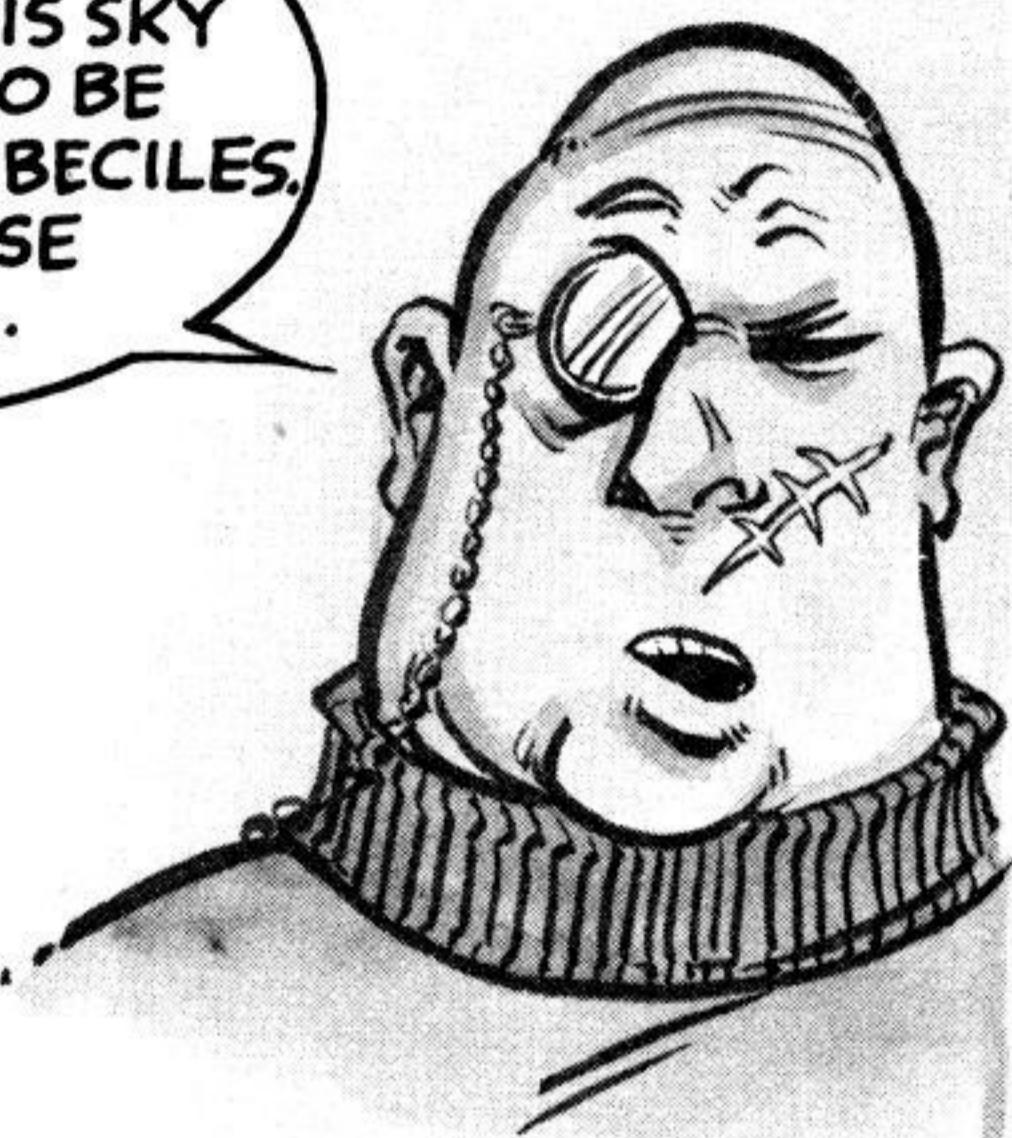
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS. ONCE WE'RE OVERDUE IN ANAHEIM, THE SKY MARSHALLS ON BOARD WILL BECOME SUSPICIOUS!

BACK IN PASSENGER CLASS...

OBOY,
MEAL TIME!

MY
FAVORITE PART
OF FLYING!

YUM!
THIS IS
DELICIOUS!



NEEDS A BIT
MORE SOMETHING,
THOUGH.

=FSSSSSSSSSSSS=

LUCKILY
WE BROUGHT OUR
CANS OF CHEEZ-EZE.TM
IMAGINE--NINE CUBIC
YARDS OF PROCESSED
FOOD IN THIS
BITTY CAN!



SUDDENLY...

EVERYBODY
STAY IN YOUR SEATS.
THIS PLANE IS
GOING TO ESCONDIDO!

HEY,
WAITAMINNIT!
I WAS GONNA
SUGGEST WE
GO SOMEWHERE
ELSE...

OH, NO! IT'S
A HIJACKING! WE'LL
HAVE TO THINK
QUICK!

YEAH...
HOW FAR IS
DISNEYLAND
FROM
ESCONDIDO?

I COMMANDER
PLANE FIRST UND I
HAFF BIG BOMB, SO
ENJOY FLIGHT TO BEIRUT,
THEN GO ANYVHERE
YOU VANT, OKAY?

WELL...
OKAY.

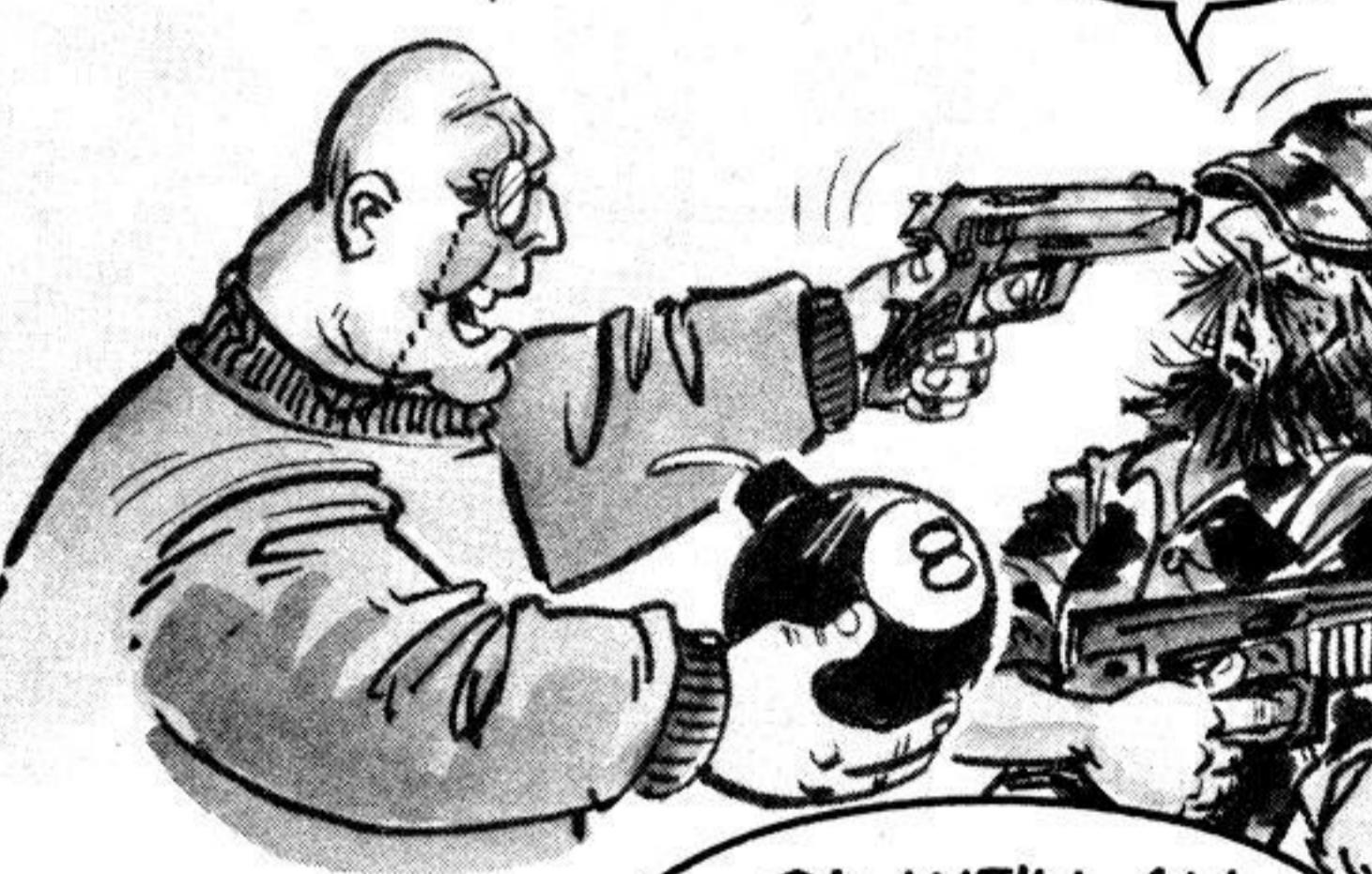
Uh, I
GUESS...

BUT HE'S
GOT A
BOMB!

RELAX,
MA'AM, WE'RE
WEASELS.

OH, WE'LL ALL
BE KILLED! I JUST
KNOW IT!

A BOMB?



RESTROOM

VACANT

RUNAWAY!!

WAIT,
GUYS! WE'RE
SUPPOSED TO
PROTECT AND
SERVE,
REMEMBER?

WHAT'LL
WE DO?!

WE CAN'T
USE OUR WEAPONS,
'CUZ A HOLE IN THE WALL
MIGHT DEPRESSURIZE
THE CABIN!

RESTROOM

VACANT

ONE OF
US WILL HAVE TO
GO FOR A
MAGAZINE.

SOON...

♪ EXCUSE ME,
SIR, WOULD YOU
LIKE SOME CHEEZE
AND CRACKERS? ♪

SHORE, IS
MY FAVORITIST
AMERICAN
SNACK FOOD!

I GOT IT!
I GOT THE
BOMB!

HAH! WHILE PURILE
WEASELS PANIC OVER FAKE
BOMB, I RELAX. THEN WHEN
OVER SWITZERLAND, I
PARACHUTE TO FREEDOM.
HAH! WHO WANTS TO GO
TO BEIRUT, ANYWAY.

QUICK! THROW
THE BOMB OUT A
WINDOW!

BUT FIRST
WE'LL MAKE SURE
THAT WE'RE NOT OVER
ANY SCHOOLS OR
PLAYGROUNDS,
OF COURSE!

EMERGENCY
EXIT ONLY

DO NOT
OPEN

OOPS!
FORGOT ABOUT
THE CABIN
PRESSURE!

VAT'S
THIS...??!

CHEEZE
CONTENTS UNDER PRESSURE

BOOM!

ALL THE
PASSENGERS ARE
SAFE, THEN?

YES, SIR. WE DIDN'T
EVEN HAVE TO FOAM THE
RUNWAY. THE PLANE WAS
FULL OF CHEEZE FOOD.

THIS
BUNCH'LL THINK
TWICE BEFORE
HIJACKING
ANOTHER
PLANE.

GOOD
WORK LANDING
THE PLANE SO
QUICKLY,
BOYS.

SORRY
ABOUT THE
NEW PASSENGER
TERMINAL.

I DEMAND
LAWYER UND BOX
OF CRACKERS!

NEXT TIME
WE'LL TAKE THE
BUS.

Oh, you can rest
at ease,
when the weasels
fly with cheeze...
♪ ♪

The
End

150 years in the future, no one remembers
The Dirty Dozen or Dirty Harry...



art © 1988 Adam Warren

...but no one
can forget



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or **DESTROY** it?

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